

HOW SAN FRANCISCO MET AND WELCOMED THE FLEET

By Ernest N. Smith.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1.—Never since the days of the Spanish-American war has San Francisco seen such a frenzy of patriotism, and never in the history of San Francisco have its people received such a lesson in patriotism. The city has gone "fleet mad," and the people do not intend to rest nor expect to rest until they stop from sheer exhaustion, and then it is more than likely that next thousands will take up where they left off—anyway the end of it all is not in sight yet.

The whole inspiring spectacle is one never to be forgotten—it ranks with the old days when the troops went marching down Van Ness avenue and down the old Market street on their way to their ships—and war. It ranks with the days when those same regiments came marching off the wharves and up the old Market street, with the bands playing, the tattered battle-flags flung to the breeze, the crowd swaying back and forth in an ecstasy of emotion and patriotism. It ranks with one other day—that of the earthquake, when the people who had lived the sidewalks and cheered their heroes themselves ran helter-skelter up old Market street, fleeing with desperation from the all-devouring flames, which swept away in a few short hours all that remained of the old city—the part of the city which made San Francisco famous the world over.

And now—well this time it is the sailors, the men of the new American navy, who have marched up the new Market street, up the new Van Ness avenue, and who have been cheered by the old San Franciscans. Did you ever stop to think of the contrast now? This time the new men from the East are in the center of the street—they are heroes of course—but they are cheered by heroes too—cheered by the men on the sidewalks who have met adversity, faced the worst, and won in spite of overwhelming odds—just as these men in the middle of the street have done in the past, and would do again if they were called upon. Those men who marched up the middle of the street today gave San Franciscans a lesson in patriotism, but those men who marched up the new street, knew that the men on the sidewalks had made that street over again in the short space of two years. And so it was that both sides marvelled, and both sides rejoiced. It showed that after all Americans are the same the world over. The Atlantic fleet has ascended the world by its voyage, and the men of that fleet were rejoicing in the fact that they had accomplished what they set out to do. San Francisco citizens were on hand to rejoice with them, and to rejoice also because they had practically accomplished what they set out to do two years ago—rebuild a city. What could be more fitting than that the ships should finish their journey here, and what should be more fitting than that the men from the East and the men from the West should meet on Market street, the new Market street, and together celebrate the glory of achievement, to know the satisfaction which comes from a task well done. After all it was but the symbolizing of American energy and American grit directed along two different lines, and carried out to a successful ending. No wonder San Francisco has given itself over to two whole weeks of celebration.

THE COMING OF THE FLEET.

The people of San Francisco knew the fleet was coming, had watched its progress up the Coast from San Diego, and meanwhile worked with feverish anxiety to get the city into presentable trim, and decorated for the occasion. Not until the squadron reached Monterey and Santa Cruz did the full significance of it all become apparent to the people. It was something to look forward to before that time—after that it was a reality. The fleet was so close that you could run down the Coast on the train, take a look at it and return the same day to tell of the sight you saw. Thousands went down to the coast cities, saw and came back enthused and excited. They spread the fever of patriotism, until the night before the fleet arrived—the whole city was upon the streets as though the fleet might suddenly wheel into sight around the corner, and if it did they would be there to meet it. Everyone wanted to be doing something—wanted to be somewhere—that is why no one stayed at home.

The day before the fleet was due at Monterey thousands of people poured into that little sea-side town intending to rise at daylight and greet the vessels as they came around the point. They rose according to schedule, they went to the shore—and there before their eyes lay the great white armada at anchor. It had slipped in before it was expected, stealing out from the darkness into the thick low-hanging fog of the bay, quietly feeling its way to the anchorage where anchors were dropped with scarcely a sound, and by the time the good citizens were fully awake the men of the fleet were busily engaged in their morning duties of cleaning ship. It was a disappointment to those on shore not to see the fleet maneuver into the bay, but as the fog slowly lifted and the morning sun beat down upon the glistening armor, everything was forgotten before the beauty of the display.

As soon as naval rules allowed, the officials of the small town paid their official welcoming calls to the fleet, and soon afterwards sailors and officers came ashore for another round of entertainment, the same kind they had received all up the Coast. Before it fully ended part of the fleet steamed across the bay to Santa Cruz where entertainments began anew, which received a fresh impetus when the remainder of the fleet weighed anchor and went to join the main column, which was also joined by the torpedo fleet which for the first time since the Spanish war had been in the bay. The fleet was now in the bay, and the people of Santa Cruz were the point where the entire fleet gathered before its triumphant entry into San Francisco bay.

The climax came when the news was flashed to the ships and up and down

the state that Admiral Evans, who had been spending weeks at a health resort trying to get back his health, was in condition to take command of the fleet. Not a well man by any means was Admiral Evans, but a wise doctor knew the grit of the man, knew the soul of the admiral, and knew that one thing now above all else would help to make him well—it was the fulfillment of his dearest wish that he might direct the movements of his fleet when it finished its journey half way around the world—it was the climax of the career of one of the world's greatest admirals. Days ago Evans said that he would do this, and the doctor, knowing the man, bent all his efforts to getting the man ready for the trip—he knew the trip was going to be made, so all he had to do was to get his patient into the best possible shape to make it.

And so it came about that the day the fleet was to leave, the Connecticut left the vessels at anchor and steamed over to Monterey again to meet the special train which was hurrying up from the South with the commander-in-chief aboard. The Yankton, which was nearby, hoisted anchor and moved over toward one of the long wharfs, while the crowd knowing that the admiral was to go on board the Connecticut bit at this bait and hastened after the vessel, never stopping to think that a boat which was flying its washing from the forward rigging was not in fit condition to receive the commanding admiral. Before the crowd was aware of what was going on Evans had been carefully lifted from his car and taken down to another wharf where he embarked in a smaller boat for the battleship.

Late that afternoon the Connecticut hove into view again steaming rapidly toward Santa Cruz, and before the watchers fully realized what was going to happen a string of flags flattered out from the Connecticut's signal halyards which read, "Form exact column and follow the flagship." Then it was that those on shore were treated to a sample of what quick action means in the navy. Some of the boats and launches of the anchored battleships were still scurrying about between the ships and the shore. In five minutes they were all alongside and were being hoisted aboard. Great clouds of black smoke began to roll from the stacks, and the distant rumble of engines and chains indicated the hauling up of anchors. Straight down upon the fleet came the Connecticut at a thirteen knot clip, never slackening speed for an instant the "bone" in her teeth growing larger with her approach. Pointed directly for the fleet the great battleship plunged on, swept between the two rows of now slowly moving vessels and took her place at the head of the divisions, turned sharply to the left and swung out toward the horizon. The Kansas dropped in behind the flagship and soon the whole fleet was on its way to sea. The Vermont had some trouble with her anchor, and was delayed, but once started she put on full speed and tore through the water to take her place in the line. Ten minutes later the fleet had disappeared around the point and the last leg of the journey had begun.

THE TRIP UP THE COAST TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The new Ocean Shore railroad, which runs down the coast from San Francisco, gave people an opportunity to greet the fleet at night before it reached San Francisco, and as a consequence hundreds went down to the beaches to watch the vessels as they came into view.

At eight o'clock Tuesday night watchers on the hills were startled by a sudden shaft of light which seemed to come from the far-off horizon and pierce the heavens; then sweep down and rest for a moment upon the shore. It was the search-light from the Connecticut, a silent signal sent out to the expectant thousands that the fleet was approaching. Suddenly the light disappeared, and nothing more was seen for a half hour, when those with glasses made out a long string of swiftly moving lights in the distance. "The fleet is coming," rang out from the hill-tops and was answered back by those on the shore. And then, as though by a prearranged signal great fires burst out at different points along the shore. Huge bonfires had been built at intervals of a mile or more, and these blazing up and throwing their flickering light against the sky constituted San Francisco's first welcome to the fleet. On the ships came until they were plainly discernible to the naked eye, a line of lights which seemed to stretch out to an indefinite distance, and which moved quickly and silently up the coast. When opposite the long beaches some ten miles below the cliff house the watchers were treated to a display such as has never before been seen in Pacific waters. It was a searchlight drill by the sixteen battleships, started by the Connecticut which was suddenly lighted from stem to stern by the great flashing beams. Immediately there came answering gleams from the battleships strung out for over a mile behind. It was verily night turned into day, and for five minutes the great bars of light swung to and fro in every direction, piercing the heavens, centering on some point on the shore for an instant, and then switching away to the open sea. It was a sight worth going miles to see, and those who had gone the distance were amply rewarded, and thankful for the courtesy of Admiral Evans, who, knowing the fleet was being watched, had ordered the display. Suddenly the lights dimmed, and then as quickly disappeared entirely, leaving nothing but the inky blackness all around, and the impression that one had for an instant seen a great meteor flash across the sky and drop into the sea.

THE ENTRY AND NAVAL PARADE.

The fog hung thick over the Golden Gate on Wednesday morning, and early watchers at the Cliff House could see but a short distance beyond the seal rocks even with the most powerful glasses. The fleet was out there somewhere at anchor, but no one knew just where, save the occupants of daring puffing newspaper tugs which darted out through the channel and disappear-

ed in the mist. They came racing back in an hour or more with the information that the fleet was surely there, swinging at an anchorage near the lightship twelve miles out, and only waiting for the hour decided upon to enter the harbor. Fog made little difference with them, they were ready to enter, and it remained with those on shore to wait and hope that the fog would lift.

Before it did lift, however, the shore line from the Cliff House clear around past Fort Mason was black with people—came early in the morning with baskets of lunch and drinking water, prepared to spend the day if necessary, but there to see the fleet come in.

At eight o'clock as the marine bands were striking up from ship to ship a huge excursion steamer from the Merchants' Exchange suddenly sprang into view from the fog bank and slowly passed along the line, a long canvas "Wee-wee" stretched along the side.

Next came the pilot boat, sailing leisurely down alongside the Connecticut, a small boat put off, and Captain John Wallace came climbing over the side, to be greeted by the officers. He made his way to the bridge, prepared to steer the course of the greatest armada that had ever entered the harbor.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, as though it had all been arranged with the rest of the cruise, the breeze sprang up and every vestige of fog disappeared back of the Farallones, leaving the vessels standing out sharp and clear on the glassy water, while the great cliffs of the shore rose majestic and forbidding in the distance.

At eleven o'clock the preparatory signal was hoisted on the flagship, and shortly afterwards the fleet began to move, and with the ripple of water at the bow the great battle-flags were broken out at the main and fore. Quickly the ships gathered headway, and soon the men on board could make out with the naked eye the hills black with people. On swept the fleet, until the Connecticut was almost abreast of Fort Point. Suddenly from the hill-tops above there was a flash, a blinding roar and the salute from the shore batteries had begun. "Why, they are firing the ten-inch guns," exclaimed an officer in astonishment. True it was—General Funston had sprung a surprise on the other branch of the service.

On board each ship the crews were at quarters, the guns trained abeam, and Chief Gunner Moseley paced up and down the deck near the Admiral's chair. As the last boom from the shore batteries reverberated through the cliffs, there came the sharp command, "Get ready to fire," and an instant later the guns of the Connecticut and the following battleships belched forth the answering salute. This time it was twenty-one guns, a national salute, and all precedents were broken.

On came the vessels, in a perfect line, moving swiftly past the old fort and on past the Presidio shore. Far in the distance, way beyond earshot, the thousands of spectators left forth a mighty roar. It was spontaneous, it was grand, it expressed all the pride of country, and all the glory of achievement. It was a time when men were proud they were Americans, and they rose to the occasion and cheered wildly, though the wind snatched their voices away and they fell far short of the feat.

Back on the Connecticut Admiral Evans sat in one corner of the bridge and those who were nearby say there were tears in his eyes, as he gazed first at the shore and then back over the long line of vessels, some of which were still stretched out along the horizon. It was almost the end—and such an end is granted to but few men of a generation.

"Where is Fort Mason?" he suddenly asked and the place was pointed out to him. He raised his glasses and looked long and carefully at the place—and over at Fort Mason Mrs. Evans and her daughter, Mrs. Marsh, had raised their glasses, and were looking long and carefully at the Connecticut. At that supreme moment in the life of the three there was something else to think about for the moment besides the journey, the glory and the end.

As the fleet went on, the Pacific fleet, which had been anchored over by Angel Island, got under way and steamed rapidly over toward the Atlantic fleet. There was another exchange of salutes, and the vessels of Admiral Dayton's squadron swung into line, and for the first time the united fleet of forty-eight vessels traveled together.

As the fleet came around Telegraph Hill the officers saw for the first time the enormous "Welcome" sign, which stood out from the top. Evans lifted fifty feet high, the whole word weighed 96 tons, it was the largest sign ever constructed in the United States. That was but one of the sights that met the eyes of the astonished seamen, who took but a glance at it that time and then turned their eyes again to the course.

Just ahead of the fleet ran the police boats, but there was little for them to do, as the hundreds of excursion boats kept their places remarkably well, and kept the roadstead clear.

The line of vessels never slackened speed, but moved swiftly on past Alcatraz Island, past Goat Island, the wharves black with humanity, and then moved down toward Hunter's Point. Ahead of the drydocks the flagship slowly turned and started back, passing the rest of the boats. The column broke, the next division veered off to starboard, another column to port, and with slackened speed the fleet approached the anchorage. Slower and slower moved the vessels, until just as they were making headway against the tide, the flags came fluttering down from the masthead, simultaneously the anchors dropped, and the chains ran rumbling out from the hawse holes. Admiral Evans rose, took his crutches, and moved over toward the door of his emergency cabin. "Oh, I could stand lots of this," he laughed, as he turned for a moment and glanced back over the fleet. His work was done.

ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP.

In my capacity as secretary for one of the official reception committees I was given the opportunity of going aboard the flagship with Mayor Taylor's official party. The flagship had hardly dropped its anchor when the government tug Hartley put off from the Mission street wharf and headed down the bay. It was now work going through the maze of small craft with which the bay was dotted, and especially hard to get alongside the Connecticut, which was surrounded by hundreds of boats of all descriptions, every one taking the first opportunity to pass by as close to the flagship as possible, while those on board looked

around anxiously for Evans, who was not to be seen. The spectators then contented themselves with waving flags and shouting a friendly greeting.

The bay was smooth and there was little trouble in disembarking. F. J. Symmes boarded the flagship first and as the members of the executive committee came over the side, introduced them to Chief-of-Staff Grant and Captain Osterhaus. There were handshakings all around, a short informal chat, and the visitors were escorted to the cabin where Admiral Evans sat awaiting them. "I told you I would be here," exclaimed Evans in glee as Mayor Taylor stepped forward and shook his hand, and the Mayor's answer was equally characteristic when he asked, "And to see you here." There was no formal greeting, just a friendly salute for all and from all, and then over the cleats the talk drifted to the trip, the visit at Coast cities, and the final entry into the harbor.

On deck there was a steady stream of officers coming over the side to pay their respects. Dozens of the fleet launches came jumping through the water from the battleships and cruisers, deposited their loads at the gangway and then drew off a few yards from the stern and waited.

The officer of the deck was the busiest man on board, and as one of the officers said, "He could certainly get a position as an announcer at a first class hotel." What with giving approving official launches their official positions, and keeping faithfully and venturesome public launches away from the landing stage, he had his hands full.

Through the maze of launches came one steaming across from the Virginia, and a hundred yards away a jackle lifted for an instant the red starred flag of an admiral. "Six boys," came the sharp command, and that number stepped forward, wheeled at the gangway, their heels came together with a click and they stood at attention. The launch stopped and as it deposited its passengers the bugle call rang out announcing the admiral's arrival, followed immediately afterwards by the marine band. The marines presented arms on the bow of the launch, while the band, and Captain Osterhaus and Commander Grant came to attention as Admiral Thomas stepped over the side and on to the deck. A few brief words and the admiral disappeared down the gangway to make his official call.

Another launch approached, and the officer examined the men in the stern through his glass. "Four boys," he announced, and two fell back from the original line of six. A shorter bugle call, a few notes by the band, and one of the captains came aboard.

And so it went throughout the afternoon, until the after deck of the flagship was so crowded with official guests and officers in full dress, that the few civilians on board felt almost out of place and uncomfortable.

By the middle of the afternoon the officers and executive committee came on deck, and then it was that the newspaper photographers who had been waiting all this time nearly broke their necks. Where else would you find six admirals gathered in a group, with the mayor of a big city and all his official staff about him? Included in the group were all the admirals and captains whose trained intelligence and courage had helped to make the cruise successful. This was the body of men whom the world had been watching for months, but there was no indication from them that they thought they had done anything else save their ordinary duty.

The committee left for shore soon afterwards, but fortunately I was able to remain behind with some members of the committee. It was only after the reception was over that Commander Grant could give us an audience to arrange some of the details for the trip which were to be taken in the next two weeks. And during the discussion it seemed as though the officers would be almost thankful if they could escape a few attentions, though there was no lack of courtesy in accepting those offered. But when you realize that invitations in the navy are not accepted at a time like this just as you happen to feel about it its different. The commander wants only to know how many men are to be entertained on such and such a trip.

Once that is settled he decides whether the fleet can spare that many. If so, he announces that so many will be detailed from each ship. And they go, that is all there is to it. It is very nice for those who are arranging the trip or diversion on shore because there is no uncertainty about the number of guests who will be on hand. Official orders have been issued, and if the men are not there, there is an investigation and possible court-martial over the one who dared to disobey orders. But there is no denying that the officers have a surfeit of attention, and the Katcha Nappa fraternity, which has sprung up on board, is a society and many are the humorous tales told by its members—how at a reception if an officer can but get behind a pillar he takes a snooty standing up, while a faithful officer keeps watch to pipe a warning should any of the higher officers or hosts of the occasion steer his way.

As the last details were arranged we stopped on deck a moment to speak with some of the officers. We were the last of the shore visitors on board, and even most of the officers from the other ships had departed.

Quite unexpected it was when we turned suddenly and saw Admiral Evans coming down the deck on crutches. I had not seen him since he spoke at the banquet at the old Hawaiian Hotel, several years ago, at the time the Asiatic squadron was visiting Honolulu. Then he was a robust man—now he is a wreck. There is no other word that can be used. The only thing that is the same is the face—that has changed but little. It is the same determined, bronzed countenance that was seen in Honolulu years ago, with perhaps a few more wrinkles about the mouth and across the cheeks.

The Admiral crept along on his crutches, his shoulders hunched up, and one leg hanging as though twisted clear out of shape. He was plainly dressed in blue with only a bit of gold braid at the collar, but what of that—no matter where you saw him, he would stand out in a crowd of great men, and once that face was seen, it could not very well be forgotten. There was no halting in his movements, racked and torn with pain as he was. He swung straight for the gangway, and then stopped and smiled as one of the officers stepped forward to say a few words in his ear. He shook his head and then stepped out on the gangway.

HAWAII BUSY MARKING TIME

(Mail Special to the Advertiser.)

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Hawaii has been marking time here for a week. There is almost nothing that can be done toward Hawaiian legislation at this juncture, as the House has battles of its own to fight out, and the big things are having an inning.

The amendment to the coastwise shipping law has been introduced in the Senate in the same form it was introduced in the House. Mr. G. B. McClellan has talked with Senators Frye and Gallinger of the Commerce Committee about that bill, and been assured of the support of both Senators. The bill will probably be considered by the Committee at its session next Thursday.

The leaders of the House Territories Committee have advised the friends of the Territory of Hawaii not to press the bill for the increase of Territorial salaries at this session. These leaders argue that it will be preferable to let the measure alone till next December, when there may be some chance of a favorable consideration of it by the House. In view of the disastrous experience with the immigration bill, the friends of Hawaii here are disposed to accept this advice. The House is in a very bad temper. It is hitting hard at everything that can safely be hit at.

The omnibus public building bill is still being held back in committee till Speaker Cannon has a chance to see how his members behave with reference to other important measures in which he is interested. It is known unofficially that the bill carries an item of \$250,000 in appropriations for beginning the public building at Honolulu, although the total authorization for the building will be close to one million dollars.

The bill for another Federal Judge for Hawaii has been favorably reported from the House Judiciary Committee. Probably its chances for becoming law at this session are not the best.

Delegate Kalaniana'ole will probably go from here to Chicago to attend the National Convention. Little interest is shown by Hawaiians here in that convention, except that the Territorial delegates shall walk in a way with reference to the Congressional leaders who are in the convention to help the Territory's Congressional program at Washington.

ERNEST G. WALKER.

SOCIETY LADIES WILL DANCE WITH THE BLUEJACKETS

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

Will the society women of Honolulu attend a ball given for the enlisted men of the battleship fleet, asked the Advertiser yesterday, prompted by a remark made at one of the reception committee meetings the day before by George W. Smith, a member of the executive committee. Yesterday many society women of the city answered the question, and did so emphatically. Of course they would attend such a ball and dance with the sailors of Uncle Sam's battleships just as freely and graciously as did the society women of Los Angeles and the members of the exclusive California Club of San Francisco.

This answer was gratifying to the members of the entertainment committee, which has worked diligently on the plans for the grand ball to be given to the officers at the Moana and Seal side hotels, and to be followed by another for the men. The members of the committee, which met yesterday morning, did not like the cold blanket thrown on their plans, and said so, several of them remarking that the objections were coming in rather late. In view of the opposition developing, however, nothing further in the matter was attempted, but the matter will be definitely decided at the next meeting of this committee on Wednesday next, after the heads of committees have talked over all matters and decided on some definite plan for the week's doing. This meeting will be held in the rooms of the Promotion Committee on Monday night, and will be one of the most important meetings so far held.

The sailors crowded to the ship and affectionately watched the "old man" in silence as he slowly and carefully made his way down the gangway. Carefully the sailors lifted him into the waiting launch, and his aids stepped in after him. There was no ceremony, there was no official farewell. The Admiral was leaving quietly, going to the hotel, and it was desired to get him there as quickly as possible. That was next to his last visit to the ship. On Saturday he goes back to haul down his flag and that will surely be the end.

The launch moved off a few feet, and gathering headway turned the bow of the flagship. Slowly the admiral's flag came fluttering down from the peak, and quickly the small two-starred blue flag was put up at the bow of the launch. As the small boat pointed toward the city wharves, Admiral Evans turned and looked long and steadily at his ship.

EWA IS DENIED TAX CASE APPEAL

Chief Justice Hartwell yesterday rendered a decision in chambers refusing to allow Ewa plantation to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States from the decision of the Territorial Supreme Court in the matter of its tax appeal. The question in dispute is whether under the income tax law the plantation can deduct an estimated amount for depreciation. The amount the company sought to deduct in this way was \$83,304.36. The income tax upon this is \$1706.09. This is much less than the \$5000 which must be involved to entitle to an appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington. In denying the appeal, the Chief Justice says:

"If it were discretionary to allow this appeal and to leave the Territory to move in the United States Supreme Court for its dismissal, I should prefer that course. A justice of that court allows appeals upon an ex parte showing, but a justice of this court acts on such matters with full knowledge of the facts. If the right of appeal appeared on the facts to be an open question, I should prefer to allow it, but the case shows that the amount involved does not exceed \$106.09."

INVENTORY FILED.

Agnes Lemke, as executrix of the estate of Paul Lemke, has filed an inventory of the estate. The total value is given as \$5684.12, principally in notes and plantation stock.

JUDGE KEPOIKAI'S OATH.

Judge Kepoikai's oath of office as Judge of the Second Circuit was filed with the Clerk of the Supreme Court yesterday. The oath was taken before Edmund Hart, Clerk of the Court, May 9.

MUST COUNTIES PAY COSTS?

The question of costs in the suit of Frank Robello vs. the County of Maui has been referred to the Supreme Court by the parties and the court. The question as stated is: "Is the County of Maui liable for any costs brought by an individual, said county being the losing party, and, if so, to what extent?"

COLLUSION IN DIVORCE.

In a unanimous opinion written by Justice Ballou, the Supreme Court yesterday held that collusion between the parties to a divorce was sufficient ground for the denial of a decree of divorce; and that where the evidence showed that the divorce was agreed on between the parties, and where the defendant paid the expenses or a part of the expenses of procuring the divorce, this was sufficient proof of collusion.

WANTS RENT REDUCED.

W. Pfothner called on Acting Governor Mott-Smith yesterday in support of a request for a reduction of rent of certain land on Hawaii, under lease from the government. The Acting Governor said that there was a legal principle involved in the matter, and he would have to give it consideration.

YOU WILL NOT

be deceived. That there are cheats and frauds in plenty everybody knows; but it is a doom or never that any large business house is guilty of them, no matter what line of trade it follows. There can be no permanent success of any kind based on dishonesty or deception. There never was, and never will be. The men who try that are simply fools and soon come to grief, as they deserve. Now many persons are, nevertheless, afraid to buy certain advertised articles lest they be humbugged and deluded; especially are they slow to place confidence in published statements of the merits of medicines. The effective modern remedy known as

WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION is as safe and genuine an article to purchase as flour, silk or cotton goods from the mills of manufacturers with a world-wide reputation. We could not afford to exaggerate its qualities or misrepresent it in the least; and it is not necessary. It is palatable as honey and contains the nutritive and curative properties of Pure Cod Liver Oil, extracted by us from fresh cod livers, combined with the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and the Extracts of Malt and Wild Cherry; and how valuable such a blending of these important medicinal agents must be to plain to everybody. It is beyond price in Insomnia, Anemia, Weakness and lack of Nervous Tone, Poor Digestion, Lung Troubles and Blood Impurities. Science can furnish nothing better—perhaps nothing so good. Dr. W. H. Dake, of Canada, says: "I have used it in my practice and take pleasure in recommending it as a valuable tonic and reconstructive." It is a remedy that can afford to appeal to its record and represents the science and knowledge of bright and aggressive medical investigation. "One bottle convinces." At chemists.